

P O E M S,

BY

M A R I A

*Falconar (M.)*

—  
AND

K

HARRIET FALCONAR

---

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N ;

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M.DCC.LXXXVIII.





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## P R E F A C E.

**A**S it is the property of dulness, that no efforts or exertions of the mind can advance it into notice or esteem; so it is the peculiar lot of genius, that no disadvantages, no pressure of misfortune, can entirely subdue its vigour, or extinguish its fires. This fact was never more strongly exemplified than in the history of the tender Muses, whose juvenile labours are here presented to the world. When others slumbered out their mornings in sloth

and inactivity, these self-taught daughters of harmony rose with their fellow-lark to sing, and enjoy the beauties of nature; or to store their young minds with ideas to which their ruder superiors were entire strangers: they became Muses before it was almost suspected that they could write, and like Ovid, whom Mr. Pope has imitated with success,

“ They lisp’d in numbers, for the numbers came.”

Whilst they were yet children, they stole from the necessary refreshments of repose those hours which others appropriate to rest; and these they employed in such studies and meditations as their little fancies suggested to them. Labour is not always the lot of childhood;

# P R E F A C E.

v

hood; and, when it is, a cessation from toil is accounted its first blessing. Sleep and amusement are the alternate enjoyments of the young; but, though nature will sometimes nod, yet she is often awake; and these lisping Sapphos spent in mental exercises those moments in which the laborious forget their cares, and the indolent enjoy a suspension of reflection.

Who shall deny that poetry is of divine original, when these happy favourites of the Muses have so wonderfully proved its irresistible impulse? or who shall dispute that, had they enjoyed equal advantages, they would at this time have possessed a corner on the same

bench with a Seward, or a Williams, a Barbauld, or a More? The Muses were always females, and have justly been styled the daughters of Jupiter. It is not too much to say, that the Genius of these tuneful Sisters, whose joint ages do not exceed thirty\*, is hereditary from heaven.

Like the young race-horse, as unconscious of his high birth as unacquainted with his vigour and his speed, these early candidates for honours have won the prize before they well knew that they had started; and they have yet to learn, that they are *Sisters of the Sun*.

Their

\* Maria (the elder) is only about 16; Harriet (the younger) about 14 years of age.



Their modesty and humble diffidence will never procure them an enemy;—their Genius, it is hoped, will never lose them a friend.

A respectable Subscription has anticipated, in some measure, the approbation of the public: and, whilst it were painful and invidious to draw comparisons between these little darlings of the nine, and other laborious occupiers of Parnassus, Good-nature will disarm Criticism, and forgive the lapses of unlettered Genius, which acknowledges no guide but its own fancy, no master but its own impulse.

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D E D I C A T I O N  
T O T H E  
S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

T O  
S I R W I L L I A M D O L B E N , B a r t .

S I R ,

**I**MRESSED with a lively sense  
of your virtues and abilities,  
we pursue the dictates of our hearts  
in consigning these POETICAL EF-  
FORTS to your protection, con-  
scious that your character will be  
a peculiar sanction.

Even strangers to your amiable  
conduct in private life, who have  
witnessed

DEDICATION.

witnessed your public spirit and philanthropy in supporting the privileges of mankind with disinterested ardour, will acknowledge this truth. If, by requesting your patronage to these effusions of YOUTHFUL FANCY, we might be considered as paying a tribute of respect to your goodness, it would confer a distinguished favour on,

Sir,

Your most respectful  
And devoted humble Servants,

M. and H. FALCONAR.

P O-

---

P O E M S, &c.

---

ALFRED AND ETHELINDA,

A BALLAD.

BY MARIA FALCONAR.

**W**ITHIN a convent's lonely wall  
Immers'd in death-like gloom,

Whilst hollow echoes seem'd to call

From each surrounding tomb :

From each terrestrial joy confin'd,

A lovely fainted maid,

The beauteous weeping Ethelind,

With fair Matilda stray'd.

B

She

She trod with slow and solemn pace  
Along the dreary cell,  
While softly down her fading face  
The tear of anguish fell.

What means that sigh? Matilda cry'd,  
Why heaves thy pensive breast?  
Oh! must these tears be never dry'd,  
These sorrows find no rest!

Five suns have run their annual race  
Since from the world you flew,  
And still, to blast each blooming grace,  
These killing griefs pursue.

Alas! replied the hapless fair,  
And rais'd her weeping eyes;  
From pale remorse, and black despair,  
Each hope of comfort flies.

No



No pleasures can their power controul,  
No tears my grief allay,  
Or wash, from my polluted soul,  
The stains of guilt away.

Well may'st thou start with wild surprise  
And clasp thy trembling hands;  
For, ah! before Matilda's eyes,  
A guilty murderer stands!

Ye angels, lest my spirits fail,  
Assist me to disclose:  
For, never was a tender tale  
So fraught with human woes!

My father own'd a little cot,  
Eldreddan was his name;  
And dwelt upon that happy spot,  
Unknown to busy fame.

My mother was the gentlest wife,  
His only bliss on earth ;  
But, ah ! this treasure of his life,  
She perish'd in my birth.

Each blow of fate well taught to bear,  
He own'd the hand of heav'n,  
Since then his fond, his chiefest, care  
To Ethelind was giv'n.

As gard'ners raise the drooping flow'rs,  
And screen them from the wind,  
So, careful, in those youthful hours,  
He form'd my tender mind.

I fed my flocks on flow'ry plains,  
Secure from rude alarms ;  
And, though admir'd by village swains,  
Unconscious of my charms.

Till

Till Edmund met me on the green,  
And, lost in sweet surprise,  
With rapture prais'd my artless mien,  
The lustre of my eyes.

Young Edmund was a noble youth,  
With wealth profusely bless'd ;  
Meek innocence and spotless truth  
Illum'd his gen'rous breast.

Though in each winning charm attir'd  
To captivate the sight,  
Yet all his graces ne'er inspir'd  
My bosom with delight.

How different, to my gentle fire,  
Did Edmund's virtues seem ;  
The worth, I scarcely could admire,  
Engag'd his best esteem.

ALFRED AND ETHELINDA.

The glare of fortune pleas'd my pride  
To lead a splendid life,  
No tender wish I felt beside  
To be young Edmund's wife.

Soon, by his soft persuasions sway'd,  
We left our quiet home,  
In fashion, pomp, and state, array'd,  
We sought the gilded dome.

Beside a deep and sheltering wood,  
In solitude profound  
Inclos'd, a stately palace stood,  
With sumptuous gardens round.

This by the gen'rous youth was giv'n  
To bless my father's life,  
And here I liv'd, O cruel heav'n!  
As Edmund's destin'd wife.

I felt



ALFRED AND ETHELINDA.

I felt no pang of smarting woe,  
No discontent could see,  
The summer's sun and winter's snow  
Were blooming spring to me.

There blest, my guiltless hours were spent  
With innocence and truth,  
Till Alfred came, by Edmund sent,  
The tutor of my youth.

But, how destructive to my peace  
Did Alfred's converse prove !  
'Twas then I saw my joys decrease,  
And felt the shafts of love.

I ne'er with cold indifference heard  
The music of his tongue,  
But, on each soft, enchanting, word,  
With silent rapture hung.

Of

ALFRED AND ETHELINDA.

Oft, kneeling by my side, he said,  
O Ethelind divine,  
Had'st thou been still a village maid,  
Or Edmund's fortune mine !

But, doom'd to bear these racking pains,  
From nobler Edmund's arms  
Can wretched Alfred hope to gain  
Sweet Ethelinda's charms !

How oft, in this distracted heart,  
Has love with duty strove ?  
But duty lost the conqueror's part,  
And bow'd a slave to love !

A few short months we past away,  
In mutual fondness blest,  
Till Edmund came, one fatal day,  
And tore me from his breast.

As

As echo, in this mansion drear,  
Resounds the vesper-bell,  
So Alfred whisper'd in my ear  
That dreadful word, Farewel !

Unhappy youth, I saw him stand  
A monument of woe !  
And, as he grasp'd my trembling hand,  
My tears began to flow.

Hear me, (I cry'd,) ye pow'rs divine,  
No earthly force shall move  
This soul, that ever mixt with thine,  
To favour Edmund's love !

This said, I bade a last adieu !  
But, oh ! my cruel fate,  
Far, far, conceal'd from mortal view,  
Was fortune's future hate !

Amongst

Amongst the female train, a few,  
As fav'rites, stood confest ;  
But gentle Emma only knew  
The secrets of my breast.

Two suns enlivening lustre beam'd,  
Amidst the sweets of May,  
When Edmund and Eldreddan nam'd  
Our fatal marriage-day.

Trembling, I said, and heav'd a sigh,  
Thou best of fathers, still  
Thy Ethelind must live and die  
Obedient to thy will !

I strove my anguish to controul,  
Repell'd each struggling sigh,  
And veil'd the sorrows of my soul  
From good Eldreddan's eye !

Swift



Swift to my pen I flew, for aid,  
These sorrows to impart,  
And ev'ry melting line portray'd  
The feelings of my heart.

I told him, ere our bridal day,  
To meet me in the grove,  
And far with him I meant to fly  
From Edmund's hated love.

To Alfred sent ; dear, honour'd, name !  
How was my soul distress'd !  
I felt no peace till Emma came ;  
Impatience rack'd my breast.

But, ere I saw the maid appear,  
'Twas fable-vested night ;  
Ah me ! her face seem'd pale with fear,  
I trembled at the sight !

Alas !

Alas ! (she said,) and must thou prove  
The pain this answer gives !  
For, know, unworthy of thy love  
The faithless Alfred lives.

The last fair morn, that ere was seen  
To rise in orient pride,  
Beheld the beauteous Celimene  
Thy perjur'd Alfred's bride.

The nymphs and swains their tribute bring,  
With kind assiduous care,  
And joyful hymeneals sing  
To hail the new-match'd pair.

As stormy waves, by tempests drove,  
Dash on the rocky shore,  
So anger, fear, and hopeless love,  
My aching bosom tore.

For

Visions of horror round me play'd,  
I sicken'd at the light,  
I fought the solitary shade,  
And bless'd the coming night.

And, when pale Cynthia's silver beam  
Illum'd the sable sky,  
I added, to the lucid stream,  
The torrents from my eye.

I vow'd that ere a second night  
Should dim the azure sky,  
By all the sacred hosts of light,  
Young Celimene should die!

Frantic with rage and mad despair,  
This vow to heav'n I sent;  
But far from every earthly ear  
Conceal'd the dark intent.

C

From

From Emma first the tale had sprung  
Of Alfred, faithless youth ;  
But Edmund and Eldreddan's tongue  
Confirm'd the mournful truth.

At length the awful moment came,  
When, prompted by despair,  
The victim of my jealous flame  
I fought with restless care.

No robes of costly silk I wore,  
No curling tresses flow'd ;  
No gems, from Asia's distant shore,  
To deck my person, glow'd.

But, close disguis'd, and humbly dress'd,  
To Celimene I went ;  
And simply claim'd a small request,  
By Edmund's order sent.

Haste,



Haste, then, to Edmund back, she cry'd,  
The blissful news relate,  
That Celimene is Alfred's bride,  
Thrice happy in her fate.

The dreadful truth I scarcely knew,  
That robb'd my soul of rest,  
A secret dagger swift I drew,  
And plung'd it in her breast.

I go, she said, forgive me, heav'n,  
At thy severe command ;  
That rage proclaims, the wound was giv'n  
By Ethelinda's hand.

But cease thy cruel cares, she said,  
To save my wretched life ;  
And, oh ! believe a dying maid,  
I am not Alfred's wife.

Then far those jealous fears remove,  
No rival here is seen,  
But the same womb, that bore thy love,  
Gave birth to Celimene.

We slept, unknown to anxious toil,  
In one kind mother's arms,  
And one fond fire's indulgent smile,  
Matur'd our growing charms.

Such bliss serene their care display'd,  
When Fate's too curious eye  
With envious glance our bliss survey'd,  
And snatch'd them to the sky.

Though oft my tears deplor'd their end,  
Since then has Alfred been  
The kindest brother, fondest friend,  
To helpless Celimene.

In

In visits to those humble vales,  
Where I was far remov'd,  
He told me oft the sweetest tales,  
How Ethelinda lov'd.

Resolv'd no caution to neglect,  
Since you forsook these groves,  
And, fearing Edmund might suspect,  
The secret of your loves ;

With silent haste he bade me fly,  
To save a brother's life ;  
And here I pass'd to ev'ry eye  
As Alfred's new-made wife.

I saw him read the lines you sent  
Last night by Emma's hand,  
And to the grove this hour he went,  
At your belov'd command.

He charg'd her strictly to relate  
The tale I now unfold,  
But faithless Emma, cruel fate !  
Has some false story told.

More had she said, but round her breast  
The purple torrents clung,  
And hush'd, alas ! to endless rest,  
The music of her tongue !

Then, with a soft, a last adieu,  
Resign'd her harmless breath ;  
And, glancing round a farewell view,  
Her eyelids clos'd in death.

On the sad spot, on which I stood,  
I fix'd my languid eyes ;  
While at my feet, all bath'd in blood,  
My Alfred's sister dies.

Bereft



Bereft of ev'ry pow'r to speak,  
Chill horrors froze my blood,  
While trembling on my livid cheek  
Cold damps of terror stood!

But now the sound of human feet  
Assault my wounded ear;  
But, ah! ye pow'rs! I only meet  
The furious Edmund here.

His eyes the fiercest rage exprest;  
In wild amaze he stood;  
One hand a dreadful sword compress'd,  
That reek'd with new-fled blood!

Ungrateful Ethelind, (he cried,)  
Well may'st thou trembling stand,  
For, know, the traitor Alfred died,  
E'en now, by Edmund's hand!

At

At this dire tale, my fearful cries

The vaulted heav'ns resound,

And, with a groan that pierc'd the skies,

I senseless press'd the ground !

Why, cruel Edmund, why again,

Did'st thou my life restore ;

Why did I breathe, from guilt and pain

Such sorrows to deplore !

In vain, with gentlest words, he strove

My anguish to appease ;

So might he hope some rock to move,

Or calm the stormy seas !

Forgive, O Ethelind, (he said,) 2

This rage that madly glows ;

The cruel Emma, faithless maid !

Was auth'refs of thy woes.

She

She first reveal'd the fatal flame,  
Her heart with mischief fraught !  
Last night with smiles to me she came,  
And Alfred's letter brought.

By the forg'd tale we thought t'erase  
His image from thy love ;  
While I, in Ethelinda's place,  
Met Alfred in the grove.

Fly, Edmund, fly, I sternly said,  
And look'd a long adieu :  
The hapless youth no answer made,  
But vanish'd from my view.

To cloister'd walls, in gloomy state,  
He fled from fortune's scorn,  
The sad vicissitudes of fate,  
In solitude, to mourn.

And

And now my mournful steps I bent  
To Edmund's sad abode,  
While tears, soft dropping as I went,  
Bestrew'd the dusty road.

Struck with this dire afflicting scene,  
My father soon expir'd,  
With Alfred and fair Celimene  
To one sad grave retir'd.

To ev'ry woe on earth a slave  
I fought this gloomy cell :  
First dropt a tear on Alfred's grave,  
Then bade the world farewell !



THE  
THEATRE,

A POEM,

*Respectfully inscribed to JOHN PALMER, Esq.*

Manager of the Royalty-Theatre,

WELLCLOSE-SQUARE.

BY MARIA FALCONAR.

ATTEND my humble pray'r, harmonious maids,  
That fill with hallow'd notes Pieria's shades;  
You, who through heav'n's expanded regions fly,  
And trace the mazes of the purple sky;  
Or through the fair Aonian forest rove,  
Or taste ambrosia with imperial Jove:

To

To you, celestial nymphs, alone belong,  
The pride, the praise, the glory, of my song.

Lo, where yon structure, tow'ring o'er the land,  
Rises obedient to a Palmer's hand :  
The fane of genius, that shall still proclaim,  
To many a future age, its founder's name.  
Calm smil'd the heav'ns, and bade the morning hail,  
Loading, with richest sweets, the balmy gale :  
The genial sun display'd a brighter blaze,  
And deck'd the infant pile with prosp'rous rays :  
When envy, rising from the realms below,  
Look'd round the world, her vengeance to bestow :  
No little scheme of supercilious pride,  
No mean, malicious, arts she left untry'd,  
To injure Palmer's worth, and blot his name  
From the bright annals of immortal fame :  
But bright-ey'd genius view'd the dark intent,  
And to the spheres his rapid course he bent.  
There he beheld, enthron'd, bright Justice smile  
On her lov'd land, Britannia's beauteous isle.

The

The tale with confidence he dar'd relate,  
And urg'd her then to pity Palmer's fate ;  
The dame consents, to earth the spirit bends  
His downward flight, and there his charge attends ;  
There, as Detraction threw the venom'd dart,  
And Malice aim'd her poisons at his heart,  
From scenes of bliss celestial Justice came,  
For truth and virtue brought the shining dame ;  
Her angel-presence aw'd the servile crowd,  
And all beneath the radiant vision bow'd ;  
The coward phantoms seem'd to fade away,  
As midnight glooms before the rising day ;  
The fiends of envy fell, their murmurs cease,  
And Discord's self was silenc'd into peace.

Arise, the radiant goddess said, and smil'd,  
My dauntless hero and my fav'rite child ;  
Disdain their shafts, protected by my shield,  
Assert thy rights, and nobly scorn to yield ;  
Yes, let thy virtues boldly stand the test,  
Justice decrees, and Justice judges best ;

D

Look

Look round, my son, and gloriously rejoice,  
To find thy merits sway the public voice;  
With them those merits still unrivall'd stood,  
And in their choice shall Malice sleep, subdu'd;  
But, still more pleasing to reward thy toil,  
From Britain's throne behold thy sov'reign smile;  
Each loyal breast shall own the pow'ful sway,  
And Britons think it glory to obey.

Hail, sacred monarch of this blissful land,  
Where Commerce blooms beneath thy fostering hand;  
Where white-rob'd Peace her olive wand extends,  
And Conquest at the shrine of Mercy bends;  
O gracious sov'reign, in whose ample soul  
Benevolence maintains her soft controul;  
Oh! bless'd with every virtue form'd to save  
At once the great, the gen'rous, and the brave;  
When fierce Bellona rais'd her blood stain'd hand,  
And vengeance hurl'd on this devoted land;  
When many a hero, on th'ensanguin'd field,  
Pour'd out the noble soul that scorn'd to yield;

While



While the sad news returning vessels spread  
Of some fond father, some lov'd brother, dead ;  
Each direful ravage of rebellious strife  
In deeper horror sunk the weeping wife ;  
Each fatal stroke dissolv'd some tender tie,  
And forc'd the tear from kind affection's eye ;  
'Twas George, all gracious, in that vengeful hour,  
That sheath'd the sword of violence and of pow'r ;  
From grim Destruction's grasp fair Commerce tore,  
And bade her blessings roll from shore to shore.

Now Poetry resumes the vocal lyre,  
And warms each bosom with her native fire ;  
Music, emerging from her silent gloom,  
In heav'n-born strains, salutes the crowded dome ;  
With taste and genius, wealth and splendour join,  
And every bosom glows with bliss divine ;  
These are the pleasures that from peace we gain,  
And these the blessings of a George's reign !

Be firm, my Palmer then, and greatly rise !  
 When Justice-gives the word, Detraction dies ;  
 Still be the darts of calumny defy'd,  
 Nor fear to conquer by *Astrea's* side.  
 Methinks I see thy splendid fabric rise,  
 With every charm that genius still supplies ;  
 Music awhile all sadness shall controul,  
 And swell to extacy the raptur'd soul ;  
 All that can please the eye, or charm the ear,  
 With Fancy's visionary train appear.

Upon this stage, by mimic fate decreed,  
 Shall many a *Cæsar*, many a *Cato*, bleed ;  
 Her soul-felt woe some sweet *Monimia* tell,  
 And bid each breast with tender pity swell ;  
 Some *Romeo*, with his gentle *Juliet*, die,  
 Or *Sigismunda* claim the heart-felt sigh ;  
 Yet, while their fates shall bid our bosoms glow,  
 And teach the tear of sympathy to flow,  
 Each spark of virtue kindles in the soul,  
 And nobly flames, impatient of controul.

Nor

Nor laughing Comedy, with sparkling eye,  
Sweet sprightly nymph, shall pass unheeded by;  
Here shall she oft exert her mirthful pow'rs,  
Her flowing tresses, wreath'd with blushing flow'rs;  
Here paint full many a scene of pure delight,  
As the pit shakes, and plaudits crown the night;  
Nor can her winning precepts always fail,  
If Palmer's eloquence enforce the tale.  
These and like scenes, too various to proclaim,  
Again shall celebrate a Shakespear's name;  
O'er Congreve's urn immortal wreaths shall bloom,  
While echo answers from a Dryden's tomb;  
And gentle Addison, sweet bard, divine,  
In brightest beams of radiant fame shall shine;  
While scenes of frantic melting woe portray'd  
Shall soothe unhappy Otway's pensive shade.

Here paus'd the dame, nor could the tale relate,  
'Twas Justice dropp'd a tear on Otway's fate:  
Ah! gentle bard, who knew, like thee, to move  
The tear of pity or the pang of love?

Why was the power bestow'd on thee alone,  
To rule our passions, not subdue thy own?  
To bid mankind of folly's paths beware,  
Yet fall thyself the victim of her snare?

The goddess ceas'd, and, o'er the mimic scene,  
Breath'd a sweet grace, and cast a smile serene;  
Then gently wav'd her hand, and bade adieu,  
And fled to realms, too bright for mortal view.  
Yet Justice still on genius shall attend,  
And Palmer boast Astrea for his friend.  
And, oh! ye souls, possess'd of gen'rous worth,  
Crush not the opening blossom in its birth;  
For, gently nourish'd by your soft'ning pow'r,  
'Twill sweetly bloom, a fair and fragrant flow'r.  
Here some sweet bard, whose fortune frown'd unkind,  
A sure asylum in this fane shall find;  
Whose modest merits the stern hand of pride,  
Or want, had crush'd, or envy strove to hide;  
Thy judgement may a better fate allow,  
And fix the laurel on his injur'd brow;

So



So may the muses ever love thy fame,  
And genius smile, enraptur'd, at thy name ;  
So shall some loftier bard thy worth admire,  
And tune to sweeter strains the golden lyre !

THE

THE  
B U L F I N C H.

BY MARIA FALCONAR.

**T**WAS when with gentle grace the smiling spring  
Had strew'd the plain with variegated flowers,  
The tenants of the grove began to sing,  
And Nature boasted all her rural powers.

Far from the music of the vernal grove,  
Where pleasure reigns in every breast elate,  
Far from the scenes of harmony and love,  
A captive bulfinch thus bemoan'd his fate.

Oft have I sat upon a blooming spray,  
And join'd the woodlark in an equal song;  
In freedom oft have past my hours away,  
Nor thought the longest summer's day too long.

Oft,

Oft, from the torrent of the loud cascade,  
I've sipt the water of the cryſtal ſtream;  
Oft, in the cool refreshing verdant ſhade,  
I've ſought a ſhelter from the noontide beam.

Ah me! and when the goddeſs of the morn,  
With early hand unbarr'd the gates of light,  
Upon the boſom of the Zephyrs borne,  
To meet my love I took my earneſt flight.

The groves and ſhades are witneſs to the hours,  
That I have ſpent unknown to care and ſtrife;—  
I had been happy if the pitying powers  
Had ſpar'd my liberty and ta'en my life!

SPRING.

S P R I N G.

By HARRIET FALCONAR.

**A**PPROACHING now, the lovely Spring  
Revives the village swain;  
The cuckow spreads her gladfome wing  
O'er ev'ry blooming plain.

The humble cowslip droops her head  
Unconscious of her charms;  
The yellow primrose paints the mead,  
That vernal radiance warms.

The pregnant earth its herbage yields,  
The lucid streamlets flow;  
The amethyfts of yonder fields  
In purple blushes glow.

The



The linnets swell their warbling throats,  
And tales of love they sing ;  
While daisies spread their mottled coats,  
The gay attire of Spring.

WINTER.

W I N T E R.

BY THE SAME.

**S**EE hoary-headed Winter comes,  
In snowy vest array'd;  
No tender blossom sweetly blooms  
To grace the leafless shade.

At his approach the painted vale  
Requies her bright array;  
Nor violet blue, nor primrose pale,  
Perfumes the breath of day,

The silver stream forgets to glide,  
Nor murmurs through the mead;  
No more, upon its grassy side,  
The flocks, delighted, feed.

The

The shady elm, the lofty oak,  
Withdraw their verdant charms,  
For, Nature feels the with'ring stroke,  
And sinks in Winter's arms.

Through every change of varying time

My voice shall, grateful, sing,  
And own thy goodness most sublime,  
O mercy's gracious King !

E

ON

## ON INFANCY.

BY THE SAME.

**H**AIL, scenes of life, more lovely than the spring,  
 More beauteous than the dawn of summer's day,  
 More gay and artless than the birds that sing  
 Their tuneful sonnets on the leafy spray!

Adieu, ye paths, adorn'd with springing flowers,  
 Oh! could those vernal sweets again be given,  
 When guardian-angels watch'd my guiltless hours,  
 And strove to guide my erring steps to heaven.

So the first pair in Paradise were blest,  
 Perpetual pleasures open'd to the view;  
 Nor guilt, nor fear, disturb'd the peaceful breast,  
 Nor anxious care their happy moments knew.

But, ah! those joys shall fly with winged speed,  
 And leave to busy care the jocund scene;  
 To innocence shall guilt and pain succeed,  
 To lively youth long hours of gloom and spleen.

So



So shines the sun in orient splendour bright,  
So blooms the roses on a summer's day;  
The sun shall sink in dark and cheerless night,  
The blooming roses feel a sure decay.

## ALBERT and ELWEENA.

BY THE SAME.

O 'ER evening skies the queen of night  
 Had spread her silver beam,  
 That ting'd the neighb'ring hills with light,  
 Or sported in the stream.

No peasants, wand'ring through the plains,  
 On sounds melodious hung ;  
 All still, but where her love-lorn strains  
 Sweet Philomela sung.

To hear thy tender woes display'd,  
 Sweet songstress of the grove,  
 The melancholy Albert stray'd,  
 A prey to hopeless love.

Fast o'er his health's declining bloom  
 A wasting languor flew ;  
 So noon-tide suns, with fervid beam,  
 Exhale the morning dew.

'Twas

'Twas bright Elweena, matchless maid,  
Whose beauties fann'd the flame ;  
And taught him 'neath the lonely shape,  
In sighs, to breathe her name.

In absence oft he sought relief,  
And vow'd to love no more ;  
But absence sharpen'd ev'ry grief,  
That pierc'd his soul before.

In equal pain Elweena sigh'd,  
And mutual love express'd ;  
But, ah ! her father's cruel pride  
Forbade them to be blest'd.

Young Albert's innocence and truth  
He could not disapprove ;  
But fortune plac'd the luckless youth  
Beneath his daughter's love.

Such worth might well esteem inspire,  
It almost won his praise ;  
But av'rice quell'd the kindling fire,  
Compassion strove to raise.

Soft o'er the morn of Albert's life  
Had fortune smil'd serene ;  
How blest'd the youth, till bitter strife  
Revers'd the happy scene !

He, with his widow'd mother dwelt,  
In solitude obscure ;  
And every shock of fate she felt  
He help'd her to endure.

Long since the fatal news had pass'd  
The mourning village o'er ;  
That her brave husband breath'd his last  
On India's distant shore,

But



But added to her hapless doom  
Was now her Albert's grief;  
She saw him wither in his bloom,  
Nor could she yield relief:

For, with a heart devoid of blame,  
He liv'd to joy no more;  
And now resolv'd, for wealth and fame,  
To search some foreign shore,

The night was come, the fatal night,  
Replete with tender pain;  
Doom'd, in his native land, the light  
Ne'er to behold again.

And now the pensive mourner fray'd,  
No gleam of hope he knew;  
He went to bid his charming maid  
A long, a last, adieu!

As o'er her form soft sorrow stole,  
Her thoughts you might descry;  
It seem'd, as if her spotless soul  
Beam'd from her azure eye.

No more her cheek that glow express'd  
Which health had once display'd,  
While, careless o'er her lily breast,  
Her auburn tresses play'd.

Alas! she cry'd, and clasp'd his hand,  
And press'd it to her heart;  
And do the cruel fates command!  
And must we, Albert, part?

We must, o'erwhelm'd in grief, he said,  
We must, Elweena dear!  
But, e'er I go, afflicted maid,  
Accept my vow sincere.

When e'

Whene'er through foreign lands I roam,  
Whatever change I see ;  
Still, turning to my native home,  
My heart shall dwell with thee.

He said, and o'er Elweena's breast  
The briny torrent fell ;  
A thousand times her hand he press'd,  
And bade as oft farewell.

They part, and through the mournful grove  
Her maids Elweena bore ;  
Each cast a ling'ring look of love,  
Till they could view no more.

Now, softly o'er the dewy plain,  
Night's dusky shadows stole ;  
While anguish, love, and cruel pain,  
Oppress'd young Albert's soul.

His

His mother gently on his breast  
Reclin'd her drooping head ;  
The weeping youth she fondly press'd,  
And mutual sorrows shed.

While, strangers to each peaceful smile,  
They mourn'd their luckless fate,  
An aged pilgrim, spent with toil,  
Approach'd the cottage-gate.

The mournful youth, in humble plight,  
Address'd the rev'rend sage ;  
Who ask'd a shelter for the night,  
To rest his drooping age.

Full welcome to their humble shed,  
The hospitable pair  
With lib'ral hand the viands spread,  
And bade the stranger share.

With



With pain he mark'd the cruel grief,  
That prey'd on either heart ;  
Which (anxious to extend relief)  
He begg'd them to impart.

With livid cheek, and tearful eye,  
The pensive Albert rose ;  
And told, but, oh ! with many a sigh,  
The story of his woes !

His life, his birth, his father's name,  
His mother's tender care ;  
But, still more sad, the fatal flame  
He bore Elweena fair.

The good old man with transport flew,  
And press'd the youth, and smil'd ;  
He cry'd, support me, heavens, I view  
My long-lost wife and child !

'Twas

'Twas on no distant Indian shore  
Thy father sunk to rest ;  
But now returns, with ample store,  
To make his Albert blest'd.

And thou, dear partner of my soul,  
Whom oft my fancy drew ;  
Nor time, nor absence, could controul  
The pangs I felt for you !

Then chase all sorrow from your breast,  
Secure from bitter strife ;  
Myself will soothe to balmy rest  
The evening of your life.

He ceas'd ; and to his constant fair  
Enraptur'd Albert flew ;  
And left the long-divided pair  
To tell their joys anew.

The

The blissful news Elweena told,  
And made her fire relent;  
Nor more to Albert's passion cold,  
Nor more deny'd consent.  
And, when the azure-vested day  
Dawn'd o'er the smiling land,  
In mutual bliss, serenely gay,  
They join'd the nuptial band.

F

THE

THE MYRTLE.

BY MARIA FALCONAR.

THE breezes blew soft, and calm evening appear'd,  
While the beauties of nature enliven'd the scene,  
As the sound of the flutes and the fiddles was heard,  
The nymphs and the shepherds all danc'd on the green.

Young Strephon had gather'd a basket of flow'rs,  
Which among the gay nymphs he intended to share ;  
For Daphne the woodbine he pluck'd from the bow'rs,  
And the blooming carnation for Lucy the fair.

For the queen of his bosom one present remain'd,  
'Twas torn from a myrtle, the pride of the grove ;  
To accept-it, he cry'd, can Aminta disdain ?  
For, the myrtle belongs to the goddess of love !

THE



## THE SNOWDROP.

BY THE SAME.

**H**AIL, lovely flower, sweet messenger of spring,  
 Welcome, fair snowdrop, to the desert plain :  
 Emblem of spotless innocence and truth !  
 See with what bashful modesty she blooms,  
 And droops her head, unconscious of her charms.  
 Why, lovely flower, art thou forbid to bloom  
 Upon the bosom of the British fair ?  
 Art thou deserted for the worthless tribe,  
 That flaunt in grandeur on the gay parterre ?  
 Cold nipping frosts, that thou canst well endure,  
 Without one stain upon thy spotless leaves,  
 Would, in an instant wither all their charms,  
 And blend their boasted beauties with the dust.  
 So merit lives, neglected by the great,  
 The scorn of fortune, the contempt of pride,  
 Yet bears the stroke of adverse fate unhurt.

## THE DYING ROSE.

BY THE SAME.

ONE summer's eve, the fair Myrtilla stray'd  
 To taste the coolness of the western breeze;  
 On ev'ry gale ambrosial sweetness play'd,  
 And the soft zephyrs gently fann'd the trees.

Amidst her ev'ning walk, Myrtilla heard  
 A rose, the loveliest of the flow'ry train,  
 That once the garden's proudest boast appear'd,  
 In sad admonitory notes complain.

Ah! see, fair nymph, she cry'd, these charms decay:  
 I once was fair and beautiful like thee;  
 No fragrant blossom open'd to the day,  
 That equall'd mine, or could compare with me.

Flatter'd and prais'd, I felt my beauty's pow'r,  
 I treated all the flow'ry race with scorn;  
 Till, 'mid my triumphs, in a luckless hour,  
 From yonder bush by Sylvia was I torn.

A few

A few short hours I bloom'd upon her breast,  
Adding new graces to her charming mien :  
When (sad reverse !) what tongue can speak the rest !  
She dash'd my faded beauties on the green.  
  
But time her beauties shall, like mine, impair ;  
And thou, fair nymph, be warn'd, and mark my  
doom ;  
E'en thou, Myrtilla, must this ruin share,  
E'en thy bright charms must lose their boasted bloom.

## THE CROCUS.

BY THE SAME.

SCARCE have I mourn'd the lovely snowdrop dead,  
 But the gay Crocus rears her golden head;  
 Thy charms, bright flower, the muse attempts to sing,  
 And hails thee too the messenger of spring;  
 Before the sun has chas'd the snows away,  
 And beam'd new lustre on the vernal day,  
 Before the frost-bound streams are uncongeal'd,  
 Thy lovely, gay-dress'd, blossom stands reveal'd;  
 Before the trees their bursting blossoms yield,  
 The laughing Crocus gilds the blooming field;  
 And, when the rising sun his warmth displays,  
 And downward shoots his animating rays,  
 The Crocus, conscious of the genial pow'r,  
 Expands her bosom as a full-blown flower;  
 But when, withdrawing from the world his light,  
 He gives the moon the empire of the night;  
 As if all other objects gave her pain,  
 She shrinks, contracted to a bud again.

THE



( 55 )

THE  
VIOLET.

By HARRIET FALCONAR.

SWEET little flower, whose opening leaves  
Unnumber'd sweets disclose;  
Whose fragrance floats upon the gale,  
That o'er thy bosom blows:

Oh! may no chilling wintry winds  
Thy tender beauties seize;  
But Flora still preserve her flow'r,  
To scent the vernal breeze.

THE

## THE LOVER'S ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

BY THE SAME.

**S**OFT god of sleep, attend my prayer,  
 Nor let me sink the prey of care;  
 Grant but one slumber to my woes,  
 For one short hour these eyelids close;  
 'Tis thou canst ease the prisoner's grief,  
 'Tis thou that giv'st to guilt relief.  
 But, ah! in vain I seek thine aid,  
 Where love's sad cares my peace invade;  
 In vain I sigh the hours away,  
 And loath in vain returning day;  
 Soon as the dawn salutes my sight,  
 I sigh, and wish again for night.  
 Canst thou, Almeria, see that youth,  
 Who vow'd to thee eternal truth;  
 Canst thou behold his deep despair,  
 Nor grant one smile to ease his care?  
 I die,—but may'st thou never prove  
 The sad effects of slighted love!

THOUGHTS.

THOUGHTS ON A PRISON.

BY MARIA FALCONAR.

**M**ANSIONS of woe, where silent horror reigns,  
And penfive desolation ever dwells;  
Where the sad captive groans beneath his chains,  
The hapless tenant of these gloomy cells!

And here the wretch, whom justice dooms to die,  
Who sees no friendly ray of comfort near,  
Lost to himself and every former joy,  
With sad reflection drops the bitter tear!

The fatal clock, at every passing hour,  
Wrings his whole frame with fear's convulsive start;  
He feels, alas! each rising moment pour  
Fresh agonies upon his aching heart!

Visions of woe his doubtful soul affright,  
The pangs of conscience teach him not to think;  
He sees the boundless gulph of endless night,  
And, shiv'ring, stops upon the dreadful brink!

ON

## ON FANCY.

BY THE SAME.

**H**IGH on a bank, which different flow'rs compose,  
 The airy throne of wanton Fancy rose :  
 Her flowing tresses round her shoulders play'd,  
 A gaudy coronet, of feathers made,  
 Adorn'd her head, while, round her chair of state,  
 A group of visionary phantoms wait ;  
 Some to amuse their giddy, thoughtless, queen,  
 In sprightly dances tript along the green ;  
 Others, to please her, touch'd the tuneful lyre,  
 And taught the fickle goddess to admire ;  
 Perpetual noise and laughter fill'd the place,  
 Unknown to Morpheus and his silent race.  
 Before her throne, from each surrounding clime,  
 In low submission bow'd the sons of rhyme ;  
 As round her seat the tuneful votaries drew,  
 Rich clouds of fragrance from their censers flew.

The



The goddess smiles ; her smiles at once inspire ;  
And each with rapture tunes the vocal lyre.  
The artists next, all candidates for fame,  
An equal share in Fancy's favour claim.  
Painting comes first, and, wondrous to the view,  
The lifeless canvas flames, and lives anew.  
And here her touches bid the figures glow  
With joy's bright transports or the pangs of woe.  
Here a soft Venus melts away in love,  
And there she paints the majesty of Jove.  
Next Sculpture moulds the marble to her will,  
And vies with nature in some test of skill.  
Each anxious artist as he reach'd the throne,  
Felt new-wak'd powers and genius scarce his own.

## THE WISH.

BY THE SAME.

O H! might I freely choose my path of life,  
 From giddy pleasure, and ambitious strife,  
 To joys more peaceful should my footsteps tend,  
 And seek in virtuous innocence a friend.  
 A cottage, by whose side clear streamlets run,  
 And gilded only by the orient sun :  
 When bright Aurora, with her purple ray,  
 Streaks on the western sky the dawn of day ;  
 In peace I'd tread the damask-coated vale,  
 To breathe the fragrance of the morning gale.  
 Or, with my book, retire to woodbine bow'rs,  
 While evening dew reviv'd the drooping flow'rs :  
 Or whilst thy beauties, Nature, stood display'd,  
 Invoke the muse, beneath the moonlight shade.  
 Thus blest'd with fair content, my hours should slide,  
 Like streams that calmly through their channels glide.  
 To guide my steps, be fair religion given,  
 And, as I sink in life, I'd rise towards heaven !

## A PASTORAL ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

O LISIDOR ! he said, and heav'd a sigh ;  
 How shall my falt'ring tongue the tale reveal !  
 This melting heart now gushes from my eye,  
 That suppliant beauty could not teach to feel.

By pleasure lur'd, unable to controul,  
 She led me to the paths of vice and woe ;  
 She bade remorse thus agonize my soul,  
 And taught these tears of penitence to flow.

Full in the smiles of prosp'rous fortune blest'd,  
 I sought a female partner of my youth ;  
 And found a nymph in ev'ry virtue dress'd,  
 Her manners form'd by innocence and truth.

Youth's freshest bloom adorn'd her beauteous face,  
 Where, blended with the rose, the lily strove ;  
 Attir'd in every mild, enchanting, grace,  
 That sweetens friendship, or that leads to love.

G

In

In sweetest sensibility array'd,

Tell me if charms like her's could fail to move?

And I, O heaven! ador'd the charming maid,

And vow'd eternal constancy and love.

But soon, alas! to guiltier pleasures born,

I left this bliss for vanity and pride;

Till, weary'd with my injuries and scorn,

O fatal crime! my Mariamne died!

Oh! would sweet heav'n forgive the faith I swore!

But sad repentance wrings my soul too late;

'Tis sacred justice bids me ask no more,

And points at injur'd Mariamne's fate.

THE



T H E L A R K.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HE rising sun's enlivening ray  
Dispell'd the gloom of night,  
Each verdant field and flow'ry spray  
With dew-drops twinkled bright.

The earliest of the feather'd throng,  
As round all nature smil'd,  
A woodlark, tun'd his matin song,  
In strains divinely wild.

O say, ye soft harmonious train,  
Ye warblers of the grove,  
Who taught you thus to pour that strain,  
Or tune your voice to love?

The sweetest bird that e'er could sing,  
Or flow'r that e'er could blow,  
Alike, to heav'n's eternal King,  
Their bloom and music owe.

To him, ye birds, attune your lays,  
For they to him belong,  
And let your music sound his praise  
In one concordant song.

But

renew

ON

( 65 )

ON THE  
D E A T H  
OF A  
F R I E N D.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HE neighb'ring clock proclaims the midnight  
hour,

And darkness spreads her dismal shades around ;  
Now silence reigns amid the feather'd choir,  
And not a foot is heard to tread the ground.

It is the memory of a much-lov'd friend,  
That heaves my bosom with a tender sigh ;  
Where sorrows upon sorrows still extend,  
And claim the constant tribute from my eye.

Each heart, by grief or penury oppress'd,  
Her bounteous hand was ready to relieve ;  
To soothe the pang in pale affliction's breast,  
And, like a friend, the stranger to receive.

No guilty thoughts her parting soul o'erpower,  
 No rival passions in contending strife;  
 But all was peaceful at her latest hour,  
 As when the first saluted infant life.



## ON GOOD-HUMOUR.

BY THE SAME.

**O**F pride and mad ambition we complain,  
 Destructive war and violence, in vain ;  
 Ill temper's baneful influence o'er the mind  
 More pain creates than all those ills combin'd ;  
 Bids social love in every bosom cease,  
 And clouds the beauteous beams of smiling peace ;  
 Blasts every joy that blooms to sweeten life,  
 Embitters happiness and lengthens strife.  
 To calm the troubled breast, to soften woe,  
 To stop the tear misfortune taught to flow,  
 He, that surveys our griefs with pitying eyes,  
 Sent down the nymph Good-humour from the skies ;  
 Her beauteous presence beams perpetual day,  
 The loves and graces in her person play ;  
 The op'ning flow'rs bloom sweeter where she treads,  
 The faded blossoms lift anew their heads ;

The

The lovely seraph waves her purple wing,  
Diffusing all the balmy sweets of spring;  
Bestows fresh beauties on the blooming vale,  
And pours fresh fragrance on the spicy gale.  
Observe the mansion where Good-humour dwells;  
What heart-felt joy each blissful bosom swells!  
The chearful, happy, father smiles to see  
His playful offspring prattle round his knee;  
Whilst the fond partner of his heart bestows  
That joy which only from Good-humour flows.

NO

ON BENEVOLENCE.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HE charms of fair Benevolence I sing,  
For her the muse shall wake the hallow'd lyre ;  
Soft as the dews of heav'n, and mild as spring,  
Bright emanation of her heav'nly Sire.

Far from the pomp of courts she loves to dwell :  
Offspring of Pity, whither art thou fled ?  
To the dark dungeon or the gloomy cell,  
To raise some hapless mortal's drooping head !

For, thou canst wipe the tear from Sorrow's eye,  
The joys of bright prosperity renew ;  
To thee, angelic maid, the struggling sigh,  
Warm from the breast of gratitude, is due.

Ah ! did the wealthy vicious few but feel  
The bliss resulting from one well-spent hour ;  
Did they but know the tender task to heal  
The soul just sinking 'neath affliction's show'r !

But

But thou, Benevolence, waft form'd to save;  
To thee the art of succouring want was giv'n;  
Thy hand can snatch her from the yawning grave,  
And pluck the thorns that bar her way to heaven.



## ON CANDOUR.

Addressed to Dr. WILLIAM PERFECT.

BY THE SAME.

**I**N a fair temple, by the virtues grac'd,  
 The throne of spotless Innocence was plac'd;  
 On which the radiant goddess sat serene,  
 A blooming beauty of a dove-like mien;  
 On her right hand sat Peace and Concord fair,  
 As seraphs beauteous, and as soft as air;  
 Close by her side, attir'd in robes of white,  
 Fair Candour sat, and look'd divinely bright;  
 So mild, yet so commanding, was her mien,  
 She seem'd at once an angel and a queen!  
 When Truth drew near, and, as she view'd the dame,  
 Candour she found and Perfect were the same.

HYMN

## HYMN TO MERCY.

BY THE SAME.

**H**AIL, heav'n-born Mercy, offspring of the skies,  
 With mild compassion beaming in thine eyes !  
 Sweet seraph, softer than the breath of spring,  
 How shall the muse thine ev'ry beauty sing !  
 Prostrate and pleasing, she beholds thee bend  
 At Heav'n's high throne, and hears thy pray'rs ascend.  
 The host of angels cease their charming song,  
 To lean and listen to thy moving tongue ;  
 The sword of justice, at thy powerful call,  
 From her uplifted hand is seen to fall ;  
 The Saviour of the world admir'd to see  
 And left the realms of Paradise for thee !  
 For thee, fair suppliant, he resign'd his breath,  
 For thee, endur'd th'envenom'd sting of death !

ON

ON AMBITION.

By HARRIET FALCONAR.

**T**HE feeble glimm'ring of the setting sun  
Threw o'er the Western sky a partial light,  
When, ere the sable reign of night began,  
A form celestial stood before my sight :  
And thus she spoke ; Ambition is my name,  
I bring a message from the courts of fame.

This said, she pointed to a glitt'ring spire,  
That, elevated, rose in air, sublime ;  
To this (she said) direct thy fond desire,  
This pile of glory scorns the hand of time ;  
For, there the trumpet of triumphant fame  
Shall to the world thy glorious deeds proclaim.

H

Mistaken

Mistaken mortal, leave this humble vale,  
Forfake these bow'rs of indolence and ease,  
For those, whose sweetness scents th'ambrosial gale,  
Where fancy forms ten thousand scenes to please;  
Then mount my car, (th'exulting goddess cries,)  
With me explore the regions of the skies!

The pleasing accents charm'd my list'ning ear,  
My raptur'd eyes the blissful scenes survey;  
I listen'd; for, 'twas harmony to hear,  
Nor knew the perils of the dang'rous way.  
Scarce had she spoke, when, from the op'ning sky,  
A brighter nymph salutes my wand'ring eye.

At her sublime approach, the fair disguise,  
That flutt'ring, fond, Ambition long had wore,  
Fell from her form; away th'enchanted flies;  
And, in an instant, was beheld no more:  
Astonishment and terror fill'd my breast,  
When thus my better guide these words addrest.

My



My name is Virtue, and the child of heav'n ;  
I came to save thee from Ambition's snare ;  
To teach poor, erring, mortals I was giv'n  
To guide their steps with diligence and care.  
This said, the radiant goddess took her flight,  
Her beauties vanish'd in the shades of night.

## R E M O R S E.

BY THE SAME.

**O** Black Remorse ! fell tyrant of the soul !  
 Undying worm, that prey'ft upon the mind  
 Of erring mortals ; sad remembrancer  
 Of crimes untold and follies long conceal'd !  
 Yon guilty finner, lo, how wild his looks !  
 Despair and madnefs rend his tortur'd heart,  
 Till, weary of life's sad and painful load,  
 He seeks a friendly shelter in the grave ;  
 And, springing forward from the verge of life,  
 Shuts close the gates of death upon Remorse.  
 But, when the rash and guilty deed is done,  
 No crime can be forgiv'n ; it hurls him quite  
 Into the horrid gulph of bitter woe ;  
 Far from the mansions of eternal day,  
 Where the more humble and repentant finner  
 Receives forgiveness at the throne of mercy !

CONTÈNTMENT.

## CONTENTMENT.

BY THE SAME.

**C**ONTENTMENT, source of ev'ry earthly joy,  
 Without thee, what are riches, what is pow'r?  
 In vain shall grandeur, luxury, employ  
 Their pow'rs to please beyond the present hour.

'Tis not in courts that thou delight'st to dwell;  
 Contentment scorns the gilded roof of state;  
 But in the honest peasant's lowly cell  
 She lives retir'd, nor fears the storms of fate.

Parent of blooming health and gentle peace,  
 Thou soft companion of the guiltless breast,  
 When thou art absent, all our pleasures cease,  
 And each low care can interrupt our rest.

To thee, fair goddess, I devote these lays,  
The free effusions of a youthful heart,  
That scorns dissimulation's courtly praise,  
The tongue of falsehood, and the pen of art.

FRIENDSHIP.



FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE SAME.

**F**riendship, sweet balm to ev'ry bleeding wound,  
Sweet social pow'r, on earth but seldom found,  
From heav'n, like some phænomenon appears,  
To soothe pale grief, and stem her gushing tears.

Yet stays not here, but, like refreshing show'rs,  
Where'er she goes, the healing balsam pours ;  
And teaches the soft infant's lisping tongue  
To bless the donor as he goes along.

Yet Flattery oft assumes fair Friendship's name,  
And dwells full oft with folly, wealth, and fame,  
But, when distress appears, the phantom flies,  
And from the ruin'd mansion turns her eyes.

When

When fortune frowns, if Friendship still remains,  
She soothes our woes, and mitigates our pains ;  
Her bounty wafts us to some friendly shore,  
Where pleasure reigns, and misery is no more.

NOON.

## N O O N.

BY THE SAME.

'TIS sultry noon; and now the lab'ring swains,  
 Fatigu'd with heat, forsake the sun-burnt plains  
 To take their cool repast, beneath a shade,  
 Of ancient oaks and spreading elm-trees made.  
 The panting flocks lie stretch'd upon the mead,  
 The lowing herds, grown faint, refuse to feed;  
 For, Sol's bright lustre burns the verdant fields,  
 And ev'ry herb beneath his influence yields.  
 The blooming flow'rs, beneath his fervid ray,  
 All droop their heads and sicken at the day:  
 The furrow'd fields resign their golden load,  
 And weighty teams o'er-spread the dusty road:  
 The fattening poultry fill the stubbled land,  
 The feather'd tribe their flutt'ring wings expand;  
 O'erjoy'd they fly to cull the scatter'd grain,  
 By nature yielded to the ruffet plain.

MIDNIGHT.

## M I D N I G H T.

BY THE SAME.

**N**OW Midnight o'er the earth her mantle throws,  
 The busy world is hush'd in soft repose.  
 Through parting trees the moon's pale lustre beams,  
 Or faintly glimmers o'er the crystal streams.  
 Beneath the poplar's shade, the nightingale  
 Tunes to the night her melancholy tale,  
 Till the shrill sky-lark, messenger of day,  
 Trills through the dusky clouds his matin lay.  
 'Neath their thatch'd roofs the peaceful peasants rest,  
 No anxious care disturbs each guiltless breast.  
 In this still hour the wretch, o'erwhelm'd with woe,  
 From whose sad eyes unceasing torrents flow,  
 Pours his afflictions to the midnight gloom,  
 And weeps, and wishes for the silent tomb.

A SONG.



## A S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

**L**AURETTA is fair as the morning of May;  
 No nymph of the village more sprightly and  
 gay;

The roses all bloom in the cheek of the maid,  
 And the snowdrop itself's in her bosom display'd.

Young Zelia is prais'd, by the nymphs, for her song,  
 Helenissa for dancing amongst the gay throng;

Eliza for taste is admir'd by the swains,  
 For complexion Aminta's the pride of the plains;

But charms more divine in Lauretta we see,  
 Her heart from ill-nature and pride is so free:

For, though each has her charms to enslave the proud  
 breast,

Yet Lauretta alone's of true sweetness possess.

So

So lovely her air, and so gentle her mien,  
That the shepherds declare her of Beauty the Queen ;  
For, Pallas and Venus their graces combin'd,  
To make her complete both in person and mind !

THE

## THE MORAL PENITENT.

BY THE SAME.

'TWAS when sweet spring had deck'd the smiling  
green

With flow'rs, uncultur'd by the hand of art,  
Nature had beautify'd the rural scene;

And all creation did its loveliest bloom impart:

One eve, when Philomel's delightful song

Had chear'd the plains, and fill'd the list'ning wood;  
Musing, and pensive, as I pass'd along,

Beneath a shelt'ring elm a hoary hermit stood.

His wounded breast was wrung with sad despair,

His mournful looks confess'd his inward grief;  
With furious hands he tore his silver hair,

And pierc'd th'expanded sky with pray'rs for his  
relief.

I

Cold

Cold as the senseless earth, and fix'd, I stood,  
Hoping kind heav'n its pity would bestow;  
I gaz'd; chill horror froze my curdling blood:  
He saw my trembling form and strove to calm his woe.

My son, he said, draw near, and learn of me  
This moral truth, How short is pleasure's day!  
To her fair shrine bow not thy youthful knee,  
Her smiles to vice allure, and will thy steps betray.

By her false words misled, I, guilty, strove  
To seek for happiness, but fought in vain;  
The pangs of conscience still those joys reprove,  
And ev'ry folly past but heightens present pain.

Wearied with pleasure then, I bade adieu  
To fortune's smiles; a treach'rous fyren she;  
Now my past life with sad remorse I view,  
And, with an anxious heart, behold futurity.

For



For this, my son, thou seest this faded eye,  
For ever pour reflection's painful tear;  
For this I left the world, and here shall die,  
Sad proof how vain the joys my youth had deem'd  
sincere !

He said ; his words impress'd upon my mind  
Precepts, that ne'er shall fail this faithful heart ;  
Virtue, the best instructress man can find,  
When gay temptation lures, her succour shall im-  
part.

## 12 THYRSIS.

## T H Y R S I S.

A Pastoral Elegy.

BY THE SAME.

'T WAS when pale Cynthia, empress of the night,  
 Shot through the trees her beams of silver  
 light,

The mournful Thyrsis o'er Eliza's tomb,  
 With heartfelt sighs, mourn'd her untimely doom.  
 Dear, sacred, dust, he cry'd, this grave contains,  
 The cause of all my pleasures, all my pains ;  
 Ne'er did my soul from fond Eliza rove,  
 My thoughts were all possess'd by her and love ;  
 Oh ! could my tears the lovely charmer save,  
 How would these briny torrents wash her grave !  
 But, ah ! what tears, what sorrows, can restore  
 The beautiful form we must behold no more ;  
 For, now the streams in mournful murmurs creep,  
 The fading blossoms all appear to weep ;  
 The feather'd warblers, on the leafy spray,  
 Forget the sonnet, and the love-tun'd lay ;

Within

THYRSIS.

Within these shades, for ever could I rove;  
Or dwell in silence in this gloomy grove;  
For, ah! what earthly treasure half so dear  
As she that sleeps in mournful silence here!  
But midnight now assum'd her sable veil,  
And love-lorn Thyrsis ceas'd his tender tale;  
Dull Morpheus softens all his anxious woes,  
And sinks his sorrows into soft repose.

ON  
A DYING YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HE lively blush had left her modest cheek  
By sickness stain'd; each blooming grace was  
fled;

The lovely charmer thrice essay'd to speak,

In vain my Patty rear'd her drooping head!

Her beauteous form resign'd its native grace,

Her charming tongue had lost its utt'ring pow'r;

Death's chilling damps stood trembling in her face,

Like ev'ning dews upon a faded flow'r.

No guilty tremors shook her peaceful breast,

Few were th'offences that her life had giv'n;

Th'immortal pow'rs ordain'd her to be bless'd,

And fair Religion led the way to heav'n.

With her last breath my Patty cry'd, Farewel,

Adieu to every pleasure life bestows!

Let those who see my parting moments tell,

That my bless'd spirit finds in heav'n repose.

ON



( 910 )

## ON FASHION.

BY THE SAME.

**F**ASHION, more fickle than the breeze,  
As this is up, and that is down,  
In various forms attempts to please  
The humours of th'inconstant town.

In fable vest she now appears,  
And now in snowy robes is seen ;  
So diff'rent is the hue she wears,  
She moves the rainbow's changeful queen.

Courted by every breast, she flies  
From gay to grave, from grave to gay ;  
She roves at large, and freely cries,  
Let Fashion gild each varying day.

A SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

**Y**E roses, bow your lovely heads,  
Nor boast your damask hue;  
For, see, yon spotless lily spreads  
Her charms to rival you.

So, in each beauteous female breast,  
Does envy's passion dwell;  
Each lovely nymph, of charms possess'd,  
Endeavours to excel.

Ah! foolish maids, behold your doom  
In yonder faded flow'r;  
For, what is beauty's softest bloom?  
The triumph of an hour!

ODE

ODE TO FREEDOM.

BY MARIA FALCONAR.

**T**ELL me what bold, what enterprising, hand  
For thee, O nymph, shall wake the golden lyre;  
Hail, guardian genius of Britannia's land!

Spirit of Milton, thou my verse inspire!

Ah! what avails the wealth that India yields,

Where summer suns perpetual warmth bestow?

Her mines of glitt'ring gems and spicy fields,

While her sad sons expire in servile woe!

For thee, sweet nymph, the tenants of the grove

Endure the perils of the wintry sky;

O'er the bleak hills, they, solitary, rove,

They live for Freedom, and with Freedom die.

THE  
MOUSE-TRAP.

BY THE SAME\*.

**A**S many traps there are for men as mice,  
But far more dang'rous are the traps of vice;  
A little mouse can only life forego,  
But man must sink to endless worlds of woe;  
There doom'd eternal torments to endure,  
And e'en in death itself deny'd a cure!

\* The three following pieces were written at a very early age. Some gentlemen, desirous of putting to trial the abilities of the young poetess, used to ask her for extempore verses on any subject that happened to occur; in this manner these and some unpublished impromptus were produced.

THE



THE  
B A I T.

BY THE SAME.

**A** MousE some cheefe, that in a trap was plac'd,  
Survey'd with longing eyes, and wish'd to taste;  
With eager joy he seiz'd the luscious bait;  
No sooner seiz'd than death became his fate!  
So oft mankind are drawn from virtue's way,  
And brought in pleasure's flow'ry paths to stray,  
Till death, o'ertaking, crops them in their bloom,  
And hurls them from their pleasures to the tomb!

ON

ON  
A PAIR OF SCALES.

BY THE SAME.

**W**OULD men their faults and passions weigh  
In reason's even scale ;  
And mind, in all they do or say,  
That folly don't prevail :  
Then might they shun the various ills,  
That inattention brings ;  
By reason regulate their wills,  
And happier live than kings.

## THE PROGRESS OF SYMPATHY.

## A TALE.

BY THE SAME.

YE nymphs of Pindus, aid me while I sing,  
In gentle strains, of heav'n-born Sympathy!

Thou softest offspring of the feeling heart,  
'Tis thine to soothe the sharpest sting of woe,  
And calm the agonies of wild despair!  
Not for the sorrows of the friend sincere,  
Where strong affection binds the social tie;  
Not there alone the pensive seraph mourns;  
The helpless stranger, nay the bitter foe,  
Alike impartial, claim thy melting tear.

'Twas when autumnal breezes from the grove  
Bore swift the foliage green, and cloth'd the hills  
And distant plains with desolation brown,  
That good Alcestes bade the world farewell,  
And left his only son, Cleantho dear,  
The heir of all his virtues, all his wealth,

K

An

An helpless infant, to Lyfander's care;  
The gay, the rich Lyfander, o'er whose head  
Luxurious fortune smil'd, profusely kind;  
Unfully'd with a cloud, at his command,  
Pleasure and pride the costly banquet spread;  
But, fatal truth! oppression's iron hand  
Prov'd the dire source whence all his riches sprang.  
E'en young Cleantho, in whose op'ning mind  
The brightest beams of early genius shone,  
Was doom'd to fall, the sacrifice of pride.  
Angels of innocence, that guard the just!  
Would not your all-observing power preserve  
Such youth, such goodness, from the gen'ral wreck?  
What! would you see him wrong'd of all support,  
And spurn'd with cruel insults from the door  
Of his licentious, scarce dissembled, friend?  
But, O thou Pow'r, most merciful, most kind!  
Thou, whose unerring wisdom canst discern  
The mazes intricate to mortal view,  
Preserv'd, for nobler ends, the gen'rous boy.  
Though long the injur'd youth in sorrow stray'd  
Through



Through sad affliction's ever-gloomy wild,  
Yet mild Benevolence, with pitying eye,  
And blooming Industry, and patient Hope,  
Bore him in safety to the vale of peace.  
There, while the beams of prosp'rous fortune shone,  
Serenely mild, o'er all his blissful hours,  
Compassion built her temple in his breast;  
And, though the blossom of unpractis'd youth  
Had scarcely burst its bud, sweet Innocence,  
Where'er he trod, with tears of gratitude,  
Pour'd on her young protector endless blessings.  
With restless care he fought the gloomy scene,  
Where pale Anxiety and pining Care  
Sat pensive in the lonely dungeon's gloom:  
With lenient hand he wip'd the scalding tear  
From each pale cheek, and hush'd their pangs to peace.  
So pass'd Cleantho's hours in endless joy;  
On him the gales of spring breath'd fresher odours,  
The bursting blossoms breath'd a lovelier hue,  
And Nature spread for him her richest store:  
Ev'n peevish Avarice, and wrinkled Age,

With foul Impiety, would gaze upon him,  
And, lost in silent wonder, call him angel.  
'Twas when, with hollow yells, the wintry winds  
Blew tott'ring fragments from the ruin'd tow'r,  
And shook the poor unshelter'd trembling wretch  
With agonies of pain, that young Cleantho,  
Reflecting on his fellow-creatures woe,  
While he was wand'ring o'er the snow-clad vale,  
Heard groans of deep affliction pierce his ear.  
He trac'd the sound to where an aged man,  
With streaming eyes, gaz'd on th'inclement heav'n's,  
And pour'd his sorrows to the silent night.  
Cleantho press'd the stranger's hand, and spoke;  
Rise, good old man! it ill befits thy age  
Thus to be shatter'd by this wintry wind,  
My roof shall shelter and my couch shall rest thee.  
Rise, hapless stranger, nor refuse to share  
The num'rous bounties I receive from heav'n.  
But, oh! what sudden tumult shook his breast,  
When, gazing on the languid stranger's face,  
He saw Lyfander's image wrapt in woe.

That

That once unjust, but now repentant heart  
Throbb'd quick, with sharp remorse and conscious pain.  
Oh! ever-injur'd excellence! he cry'd,  
And bath'd Cleantho's feet in virtuous tears:  
How can a wretch, so base, so vile, atone  
For all the wrongs thou hast receiv'd from me!  
Fortune in vain on me her gifts bestow'd;  
My boundless pride consum'd the plenteous store,  
And, in that hour, where could I seek a friend?  
Heav'n I had injur'd, Mercy was my foe,  
And helpless Innocence I ever wrong'd.  
He spoke; Cleantho listen'd to the tale,  
And mark'd with joy the penitential tear  
That stole along his cheek with healing pow'r.  
O rise, he said, my father and my friend,  
By those fond titles be Lyfander known,  
And sad remembrance in oblivion drown'd;  
Vice, for a while, suppress'd the flutt'ring fire  
Of radiant virtue, that illum'd thy breast;  
But soon the kindling spark shall glow anew,  
And gild the happier ev'ning of thy life!

Here paus'd the youth ; he saw the gushing tear  
Reveal the sorrows of Lyfander's breast ;  
And, touch'd by tender pity, fought the cause.  
The feeble penitent, with falt'ring tongue,  
Rais'd his declining head, and thus reply'd :  
I weep not for the fate I well deserve,  
'Tis far too gentle for a wretch like me ;  
But, oh ! one guiltless partner of my cares,  
The lovely young Miranda, yet survives.  
My gentle wife,—ah ! in that tender name  
My joys were center'd once, but the dear faint,  
Too soon for me, regain'd her native heav'n,  
And left her blooming infant to my charge.  
I sought a gentle nurse, and, 'whelm'd in grief,  
Resign'd the little cherub to her care.  
Now, pensive, through the gloomy world I stray'd,  
Seeking to ease my bosom of its load,  
And in excess of pleasure drown my pain.  
Then first I courted the delusive joys,  
That prov'd the fatal spring of all my crimes.

So



So pass'd my hours, till twelve revolving suns  
Had shone upon my sweet Miranda's life ;  
When, fatal chance ! her foster-mother died,  
Just at that period when my fortune sunk.  
Forgive a father's fondness, but believe  
Heav'n seldom joins such goodness to such beauty  
As when it form'd the innocent Miranda.  
In yon sequester'd vale a cottage stands,  
The safe retreat of solitude and peace ;  
There, with the scatter'd relics of our wealth,  
Myself and daughter from the world retir'd.  
Five years since then have pass'd ; and, though I strove  
To banish sad remembrance from my mind,  
Yet sharp remorse has ting'd my calmer hours.  
With anxious sorrows for Cleantho's fate ;  
And oft, when night had hid the earth in gloom,  
I sought this spot, to ease my swelling heart :  
But, since Lyfander strives to clasp thee thus,  
My pangs subside, and I shall die in peace,  
He ceas'd, and onward to Lyfander's cell  
The new-met pair together bent their way,

Where

Where young Miranda, with assiduous care,  
Prepar'd a frugal supper for her fire.  
Sweeter than roses in the summer breeze,  
Or fragrance breathing from Arabian vales,  
Miranda seem'd to young Cleantho's eye.  
Charm'd with her beauty and engaging softness,  
He gaz'd with rapture on the charming maid,  
Till night, approaching, warn'd him to retire.  
He bade adieu, but parted with regret,  
And with returning day renew'd his visit.  
Each hour they met improv'd their growing fondness,  
And, when returning spring array'd the bow'rs  
In purple bloom, and fill'd the groves with music,  
The vernal sun beam'd on their blissful nuptials,  
And bless'd Cleantho with the fairest bride  
That nature boasted, or that art could envy!

THE

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

By HARRIET FALCONAR.

**H**OW fair the prospect opens to the eye,  
Where Flora's pencil marks the gay-dress'd  
ground;

Where art and nature, emulative, vie  
To scatter rival beauties all around.

What vivid colours flush yon blooming rose,  
Whose fragrance floats upon the balmy gale !  
Queen of each flow'r, that summer's hand bestows,  
From the fair lily to the primrose pale.

That lily blooms, in snow-white charms array'd,  
Yon lilac too, how sweet it scents the air !  
The gay carnation's lively bloom's display'd,  
To imitate the cheek of Jessy fair.

The flow'ry pomp the beauteous larkspurs share,  
While mix'd with roses in that shelt'ring bower ;  
The fragrant woodbines quiver in the air,  
Distilling fragrance on some humbler flower.

With

With colours which these flow'ry tribes adorn,  
Say, can the artist's boasted skill compare?  
No, Nature paints the crimson blush of morn,  
And forms these flow'rs inimitably fair!

ELEGY



ELEGY TO SOLITUDE.

BY MARIA FALCONAR.

**S**OFT deity of peace, whose hand divine  
First taught the muse to cheer my infant hours ;  
Oh ! let me, pensive, sing what sweets are thine,  
Though torn, reluctant, from thy vernal bow'rs !

The sighing gales that od'rous balms distil,  
The vocal music issuing from the tree ;  
The lowly cottage, or the shelving hill,  
Are joys that fancy only gives to me.

So the sad exile from his native shore,  
Impress'd with agony, oft turns his view ;  
Reflects on pleasures he must feel no more,  
And, ling'ring, bids his long-lov'd home adieu.

For, nature form'd me to detest the scene,  
Where, still insatiate, av'rice thirsts for gain ;  
Or where the giddy and profuse convene,  
To purchase pleasure at another's pain.

Yet,

Yet, though my hopes, sweet solitude, are thine,  
And fancy forms the gentle scene so clear;  
I'd scorn th'ingratitude that could resign  
The social converse of a friend sincere.

Not that the village throng are free from pain,  
Excluded from the throb of anxious care;  
Nor truth for ever decks the simple swain,  
Nor conscious innocence the rural fair.

Yet, from the splendour of luxurious pride,  
As from a murd'rer's hand, reflection flies;  
Where guilty joys in quick succession glide,  
Before whose breath the bud of honour dies.

Reflection sickens at the glitt'ring view  
Of syrens, warbling from the distant shore,  
To tempt the luckless wand'rer to pursue,  
Who, lost in dissipation, turns no more!

E'en

E'en those, whose firmer virtues shun the snare,  
Whose gen'rous souls a nobler sense inspires,  
Find e'en their brightest pleasure ting'd with care,  
The glow of envy or untam'd desires.

O sweeter task, to heal the pains of woe,  
To succour indigence, by pride oppress'd;  
To bid the genial tear of pity flow,  
And pour soft comfort o'er affliction's breast!

E

THE

## THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

## A TALE.

BY HARRIET FALCONAR.

WHEN blooming spring, in rosy grace attir'd,  
 Had chas'd the wintry blast and deck'd the  
 May,

As slow retiring eve with parting beams  
 Cast o'er the antique spires a crimson light,  
 Where rolls Sabrina her smooth stream along,  
 On whose sweet banks gay Flora's gaudy pride  
 Perfum'd with odours mild the passing breeze:  
 On the green marge a tow'ring grove appears,  
 Within whose maze the woodlark's warbled note,  
 Responsive, echoes through the winding path  
 And dies in whispers on the list'ning ear:  
 There young Lebeus with his Anna stray'd;  
 Oft from his bosom burst the quick-heav'd sigh,  
 While to the maid he whisper'd tales of love.  
 Ah! little knows the cold unfeeling heart

What



What anguish struggled in young Anna's breast  
As down his cheek the tear of sorrow stole ;  
Nor knew he why she sigh'd ; yet would not Anna,  
As wept Lebeus, share his bosom's grief ?  
She would ; for, in the breast that love has soften'd  
Benign compassion has her temple rear'd.  
In Anna's bosom ev'ry virtue dwelt,  
Benevolence in mildest looks array'd,  
Celestial Piety, fair child of heav'n,  
With Love and Virtue dancing hand in hand,  
While Resignation, ever soft and calm,  
Cast o'er her brow a mild seraphic grace.  
So smiles the good man at the hour of death  
When heav'nly glories burst upon his view.  
Yet for Lebeus oft her bosom bled ;  
Oft had she mark'd, when, with the early sun,  
He rose to tend his flock on Severn's side,  
The tear fast flowing from his downcast eye.  
Awhile in meditation fix'd she fate,  
Gazing with pity on the mourning youth ;

Then rais'd her doubtful voice and thus began :  
Long, my Lebeus, have I sought the source  
Whence this sad constant stream of sorrow flows ;  
Oft in thy breast have I repos'd my cares,  
And, by dividing, made that anguish less :  
Oh ! if thy love, like mine, be fond as true,  
No longer veil the suff'rings of thy soul.  
She paus'd ; and thus the pensive youth reply'd ;  
Long have I strove, my Anna, to conceal  
The griefs that prey upon my tortur'd heart ;  
In vain ;—a miserable wretch I rove :  
Yet, stay a while, and thou shalt hear my tale.  
In that embow'ring wood, whose lofty shade  
Veils from the wand'ring eye each distant prospect,  
Time wastes the relics of an ancient dome  
And spreads its ruins o'er the lonely plain ;  
No chearful footsteps tread the faded ground,  
And death's pale terrors seem to haunt the gloom ;  
Yet there, with innocence and peace benignant,  
First in these plains the young Amethion stray'd :

Serene,

Serene, he saw the gentle morning smile,  
The gentle morn of life's precarious day,  
Where fortune changes like the summer's breeze.  
The strangers woe to pity and relieve,  
The drooping heart of injur'd worth to chear,  
And bid the latent sparks of genius glow ;  
To these fond tasks his earliest youth inclin'd ;  
For, in his bosom, Pity fix'd her throne.  
Full bright the gems of virtue there had blaz'd,  
Yet, ere the tender blossom well had sprung,  
The frosts of vice nipp'd all its blooming beauties :  
The charms of pleasure seiz'd his op'ning mind,  
As soft enchantments warbled from her tongue.  
The gay delusive sounds, that charm'd his ear,  
His sire Philintes heard with secret pain ;  
He heard, yet sought not with the eye of reason  
To mark the latent virtues of the youth,  
While from his rage the gay Amethion flew,  
So, when declining Sol, in gath'ring glooms,  
Hides his last beam and leaves the forrowing world,

The golden crocus droops her lovely head ;  
Thus from Philintes' heart the last faint gleam  
Of fond affection, lost in gloomy rage,  
Slowly withdrew ; in pleasure's flow'ry path  
Amethion wander'd consciously perplex'd,  
But from her mazes ne'er return'd again.  
Seest thou, beneath that hill, yon lowly cottage ?  
There good Evander and his only daughter,  
She late the loveliest of the village fair,  
And he the pride of all the rustic swains,  
Once dwelt ; there first Amethion learnt to love ;  
Love, the sad source of every future woe !  
In all its loveliest bloom the full-blown flow'r  
Ne'er match'd the beauties that adorn'd her form,  
Or the sweet May, in purple blossoms dress'd,  
The various virtues that inspir'd her bosom.  
But, ah ! the luckless chance ! her unkind fortune  
Consign'd those beauties to the lowly cot ;  
Such charms, as, in a more exalted state,  
Might lustre through the regal palace beam,  
Ere youth's sweet blossom droop'd by sorrow faded,—

Sorrows,



Sorrows, that might have pierc'd the steely heart !  
O'er the dread fane that saw their secret marriage  
Pale Misery hover'd with malignant joy,  
And seem'd that hour to mark her future prey ;  
For, babbling fame, loquacious of their loves,  
Now to Philintes' ear the news convey'd.  
Some few months pass'd, my Anna, thou didst notice  
When the rude whirlwind swell'd our Severn's tide ;  
It rush'd, impetuous, o'er the rising hills,  
And with the torrent whelm'd thy father's flock ;  
So from Philintes' bosom burst the storm,  
The winds of disobedience long had gather'd.  
The door, that once was open to receive  
Its master, was for ever shut against him ;  
Spurn'd by his father, and that father too  
His only friend, and exil'd even from home,  
He vow'd to quit his dear, his native, land ;—  
But would he leave his lovely Helenissa ?  
And young Vincentio too, his only hope ?

He

He whom thou call'st Lebeus was that infant :  
For, know, I am not old Malvolio's son !  
Ah ! gaze not on me thus, but patient hear  
The sequel of my tale, so shalt thou say  
Ne'er was a fate so big with misery !  
To old Evander flew my weeping fire ;  
But, ah ! what terrors shook the good man's frame  
When young Amethion told the fatal tale !  
The woe-struck lovers sat in speechless grief ;  
Evander clasp'd their trembling hands and spoke ;  
My children ! for, alike ye share my love,  
Ye know I long have fear'd th'impending storm ;  
Yet do not droop, I am not yet so weak,  
But these old hands can labour for you all !  
Thou more than man, the prostrate youth reply'd,  
Bathing Evander's feet in tears of love ;  
Yet for a little time and I must leave you,  
But soon Amethion happier shall return ;  
Nor long, my Helenissa, shalt thou droop ;  
And, though thy sight should never bless me more,  
Yet with my parting soul thy much-lov'd name  
Shall

Shall rise to heav'n with prayers for my Vincentio !  
He would have said adieu, but from his tongue  
The plaintive accent fell, and, falt'ring, died !  
No more, alas ! his fainting heart could bear ;  
Trembling he flew and press'd the midnight path,  
With tott'ring step ; fast o'er the rugged hill  
And dreary plain he bore his trembling form,  
While distant hamlets rose upon his view.  
At length a shepherd's humble roof he gain'd,  
And ask'd to rest awhile his weary limbs :  
The swain agreed ; but, when he saw the tears  
Fast flowing down Amethion's livid cheek,  
Compassion seiz'd his soft'ning heart, and now  
He begs Amethion to reveal the cause :  
But, when he heard the melancholy tale,  
A flood of melting sorrow bath'd his cheeks,  
And thus reply'd the swain : Hard is thy fate,  
But learn with hope to bear ; these words receive  
From one who strives to make thy misery less.  
Ere morn again shall light the face of heav'n,

And

And gild with earliest rays the orient wave,  
Speed hence thy course, fortune may smile upon thee,  
And thou mayst yet return and yet be blest'd  
With joys, by sufferings past but made more sweet.  
The youth obey'd ; and, rising with the dawn,  
A port he sought, whence the bold vessel sailing  
Bore him in safety to a distant shore ;  
And, whilst five years successive roll'd away,  
Heav'n blest his smallest labours, and he now  
Prepar'd once more his native land to see ;  
While Helenissa droop'd beneath her sorrows,  
Like roses blasted with the northern wind !  
Oft the dear letter, to Amethion sent,  
Implor'd him once again her fight to blest :  
Nor wish'd he less ; but never would return  
Till fortune blest'd him with a store of wealth.  
And now, once more embark'd upon the seas,  
His love, his prayers, are pour'd for Helenissa.  
Now Britain's verdant hills salute his sight,  
But, ah ! how transient was the fleeting hope  
That he should e'er behold his much-lov'd home !

For,



For, while the vessel's jovial crew were hailing  
The happy moment of their near return,  
She bulg'd upon the rock, and sunk a wreck,  
Casting Amethion, with the vessel's master,  
Upon a craggy steep, whose hanging brow,  
Impending, dreadful, o'er the foaming waves,  
Threaten'd destruction on the trembling pair!  
Fearful they ventur'd up its rocky side,  
And from the summit view'd a dreary plain,  
Wild as the prospect of Arabia's deserts!  
But, scarce had they descended, when a vast  
And pond'rous fragment of the sea-beat rock,  
Roll'd from its top, with horrid thund'ring clash,  
And crush'd Amethion 'neath its dreadful ruin!  
In speechless anguish stood his fearful friend,  
And hopeless view'd the dreary path before him,  
When night approach'd, and, from a distant hill,  
A twinkling taper caught his searching eye.  
He flew, regardless of the dang'rous path;  
For, wrapt in night, he saw not half its horrors;  
Hope buoy'd him up awhile, and now, the day

Again

Again appearing, cheer'd his fainting heart.  
As now his steps approach'd the welcome dwelling,  
His eyes so long had fought with earnest view,  
The rustic matron, at whose friendly door  
The weary stranger never stood in vain,  
Welcom'd, and with a smile receiv'd, her guest;  
But, when he told the dangers he had pass'd,  
The matron rais'd her pious hands in wonder,  
Then bade Ernesto seek a short repose.  
But rest his pillow fled; Amethion's form,  
All gash'd and pale, still rose upon his sight.  
Oft had he heard the luckless youth relate  
His early sufferings, heard him oft describe  
The peaceful spot where Helenissa dwelt,  
While memory call'd the dreadful scene to view,  
When his expiring friend had wav'd his hand,  
Seeming to say, ah! speed to my lov'd home,  
And tell my dear, my long-lost, Helenissa  
My fatal end, so shall I rest in peace!  
And now, resolving to fulfil the wish,  
Ere morn again had lit her golden lamp,

His

His weary feet Amethion's dwelling sought,  
Five suns had beam'd upon the vernal plains  
Their animating lustre, when Ernesto  
Reach'd the lov'd mansion of his lost companion;  
But, ah! the weeping Helenissa sat  
O'er the pale form of her expiring father,  
Whose last breath quiver'd on his panting lip,  
Just as Ernesto gain'd the lowly roof.  
Pale as the image of some dying maid,  
He gaz'd upon the woe-struck scene before him;  
The good Evander breathless, and his child  
Mourning the relics of her dear-lov'd fire:  
But, when she heard Amethion's dreadful doom,  
Her tears, suspended in the woe-wild eye,  
That seem'd just starting from her madden'd brain,  
Could stream no longer; on the trembling youth  
She cast her death-fix'd eye, and thus began:  
Hear me, O stranger; for this hapless child,  
And his lost father, I preserv'd my being:  
Lo! here Evander lies; and even Amethion,  
My last, best hope, is gone; but thou, his friend,

M

O speed

O speed thy steps to good Malvolio's dwelling,  
And charge him, if he ever lov'd my friendship,  
To rear my infant with the tenderest care ;  
Vincentio call him not : all gracious Heaven,  
My fate is cruel, but thy deeds are just !  
Adieu, kind stranger, and, from others sufferings,  
Ah ! learn with patient hope to bear thine own,  
But never may a fate like this await thee !  
I would continue, but my falt'ring voice  
Deceives my tongue : I come, my lov'd Amethion,  
Into thy bosom ! mighty God, receive  
This weary soul !—No more, alas ! she spoke,  
But sunk upon Evander's icy breast,  
A lifeless corse, the partner of his fate !

HYMN



HYMN TO GRATITUDE.

BY MARIA FALCONAR.

**H**AIL, Gratitude, whose looks divinely bright,  
Spread lustre through the thickest shades of  
night;

Whose beams divine, presiding o'er the soul,

Instruct the orb of charity to roll;

In melody, from thy angelic tongue,

The notes of heav'nly adoration sprung;

Sweet nymph, whose gentle hand alone can raise,

To notes of harmony, the lyre of praise;

Permit her thus to wait thy just decree,

Who dedicates her artless lay to thee.

Divine Omnipotence, whose boundless pow'r

Calls from the teeming earth each plant and flow'r;

The lowly vale with verdant herbage fills,

And pours for harmless flocks the crystal rills;

The finny race that in the rivers play,

All that through earth, or air, or ocean, stray;

His

His bounty share, and no return can be,  
To please his pow'r, unless it spring from thee :  
On thee the God of Nature smiles serene,  
And shining angels crowd to hail thee queen ;  
Before thy shrine, celestial goddess, cast  
The wretch late shiv'ring in the wintry blast ;  
Whom bright benevolence flew swift to tear  
From hunger, pain, and ever-wild despair ;  
His humble praise falls prostrate to impart  
Such praise as flows spontaneous from the heart.

Offspring of sensibility and truth,  
O grant this wish, in favour to my youth ;  
Since public judgement must consign my name,  
To dark oblivion, or to deathless fame ;  
Should my blest'd fate, by gentle chance, decree,  
The soft'ring smiles of sweet applause for me ;  
O may my soul this just impression feel,  
And conscious Gratitude my thanks reveal !

T H E E N D .

